THE

ENGLISHMAN

RETURNED FROM

PARIS.

IN

TWO ACTS.

As it is perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

By *SAMUEL FOOTE*, Esq;

DUBLIN:
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PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY

Mr. *FOOTE.*

OF all the Paſſions that poſſeſs Mankind,
The Love of Novelty rules moſt the Mind,
In Search of this, from Realm to Realm we roam,
Our Fleets come fraught with every Folly home.
From Lybia's *Deſarts, hoſtile Brutes advance,*
And dancing Dogs in Droves, ſkip here from France.
From Latian *Lands Gigantic Forms appear,*
Striking our Britiſh *Breaſts with Awe and Fear,*
As once the Liliputians ——— Gulliver,
Not only Objects that affect the Sight,
In foreign Arts and Artiſts we delight,
Near to that Spot where Charles *beſtrides a Horſe,*
In humble Proſe the Place is Charing-Croſs ;
Cloſe by the Margin of a Kennel's Side,
A dirty diſmal Entry opens wide,
There with hoarſe Voice, check'd Shirt and callous Hand,
Duff's Indian-Engliſh *Trader takes his Stand,*
Surveys each Paſſenger with curious Eyes,
And ruſtic Roger *falls an eaſy Prize,*
Here's China Porcelaine, that Chelſea *yields,*
And India *Handkerchiefs from* Spittlefields,
With Turkey *Carpets that from* Wilton *came,*
And Spaniſh *Tucks and Blades from* Bermingham.

PROLOGUE.

Factors are forc'd to favour this Deceit,
And Engliſh *Goods are ſmuggl'd through the Street.*
The Rude to poliſh, and the Fair to pleaſe,
The Hero of to-Night has croſs'd the Seas,
Tho' to be born a Briton *be his Crime,*
He's manufactur'd in another Clime.
—'Tis Buck *begs Leave once more to come before ye,*
The little Subject of a former Story;
How chang'd, how faſhion'd whether Brute or Beau,
We truſt the following Scenes will fully ſhew.
For them and him we your Indulgence crave,
'Tis ours ſtill to ſin, and yours to ſave.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BELLAMY.

AMONG the Arts to make a Piece go down,
And fix the fickle Favour of the Town,
An Epilogue *is deem'd the ſureſt Way*
To attone for all the Errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic Strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your Eye.
With equal Reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene *ſhou'd ſend you ſniveling off;*
But our Bard, unequal to the Taſk,
Rejects the Dagger, and retains the Maſque:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home to-Night,
And harmleſs Mirth, by honeſt Means excite;
Scorning with luſcious Phraſe or double Senſe,
To raiſe a Laughter at the Fair's Expence.
What Method ſhall we chooſe your Taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little Wit?
Thank ye, kind Souls, I'll take it from the Pit.
The Piece concluded, and the Curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal Phalanx, *call'd the* Town:
A full Aſſembly weigh our Author's Fate,
And Surly *thus commences the Debate:*
Pray, among Friends, does not this poiſoning Scene
The ſacred Rights of Tragedy prophane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful Bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark nought, upon my Soul!
Then Buck *cries,* Billy, *can it be in Nature?*
Not the leaſt Likeneſs in a ſingle Feature.

EPILOGUE.

My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious Piece;
Let's come on Friday *Night and have a Hiss.*
To this a Peruquier assents with Joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les François, oui, ma foi.
In such Distress what can the Poet do?
Where seek for Shelter, when these Foes pursue?
He dares demand Protection, Sirs, from you.

Dramatis Personæ.

BUCK	Mr. *Foote.*
CRAB	Mr. *Sparks.*
LORD JOHN	Mr. *White.*
MACRUTHEN	Mr. *Shuter.*
RACKET	Mr. *Cushin.*
TALLYHOE	Mr. *Costallo.*
LATITAT	Mr. *Dunstall.*
SURGEON	Mr. *Wignel.*
LUCINDA	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnois, and Servants

THE ENGLISHMAN RETURNED FROM PARIS.

ACT I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

AND I do constitute my very good Friend, Giles Crab, *Esq; of* St. Martin's in the Fields, *Executor to this my Will; and do appoint him Guardian to my Ward,* Lucinda; *and do submit to his Direction, the Management of all my Affairs, till the Return of my Son from his Travels; whom I do intreat my said Executor, in Consideration of our antient Friendship, to advise, to counsel,* &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty Legacy! Let's see; I find myself Heir, by this generous Devise of my very good Friend, to ten Actions at Common Law, nine Suits in Chancery, the Conduct of a Boy, bred a Booby at Home, and finish'd a Fop abroad; together with the Direction of a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable Wench; and all this to an old Fellow of Sixty-six, who heartily hates Bus'ness, is tir'd of the World, and despises every Thing in it. Why how the Devil came I to merit.——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Latitat*, of *Staples-Inn.*

Crab.

Crab. So, here begin my Plagues. Shew the Hound in.

Enter Latitat *with a Bag*, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your Summons immediately, but I was oblig'd to ſign Judgment, in Error at the Common-Pleas; ſue out of the Exchequer a Writ of *Quæ minus*, and ſurrender in *Banco Regis*, the Defendant, before the Return of the *Sci fa*, to diſcharge the Bail.

Crab. Pry'thee, Man, none of thy unintelligible Law-Jargon to me, but tell me in the Language of common Senſe, and thy Country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already poſſeſs'd of a *Probat*, and Letters of Adminiſtration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may ſue, or be ſued; I hold it ſound Doctrine, for no Executor to diſcharge Debts, without a Receipt upon Record: This can be obtain'd by no Means, but by an Action. Now Actions, Sir, are of various Kinds: There are ſpecial Actions, Actions on the Caſe, or *Aſſumpſit's*; Actions of Trover, Actions of *Clauſum fregit*, Actions of Battery, Actions of——

Crab. Hey, the Devil, where's the Fellow running now?———But heark'ee, *Latitat*, why, I thought all our Law Proceedings were directed to be in *Engliſh*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this Stuff, ha!

Lat. Engliſh.

Crab. The Devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my Honour, Mr. *Crab*. For, as Lord *Coke* deſcribes the Common-Law to be the Perfection———

Crab. So, here's a freſh Deluge of Impertinence. A Truce to thy Authorities, I beg; and as I find it will be impoſſible to underſtand thee without an Interpreter, if you will meet me at Five, at Mr. *Brief's* Chambers, why, if you have any thing to ſay, he will tranſlate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, Sir, and tranſlate, Sir!——Sir, I would have you to know, that no Practitioner in *Weſtminſter-Hall* gives clearer——

Crab.

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which Reaſon I have referred you to a Man who never goes into *Weſtminſter-Hall.*

Lat. A bad Proof of his Practice, Mr. *Crab.*

Crab. A good one of his Principles, Mr. *Latitat.*

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a Lawyer——

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about a Lawyer. The Law is an oracular Idol, you are the explanatory Miniſters; nor ſhou'd any of my own private Concerns have made me bow to your beaſtly *Baal.* I had rather loſe a Cauſe, than conteſt it. And had not this old, doating Dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagu'd me with the Management of his Money, and the Care of his Booby Boy, Bedlam ſhou'd ſooner have had me, than the Bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the Bar! Since, Sir, I am provok'd, I don't know what your Choice may be, or what your Friends may chooſe for you; I wiſh I was your *prochain Ami:* But I am under ſome Doubts as to the Sanity of the Teſtator, otherwiſe he could not have choſen for his Executor, under the Sanction of the Law, a Perſon who deſpiſes the Law. And the Law, give me Leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the Bulwark, the Fence, the Protection, the *ſine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*——————

Crab. Mercy, good Six and Eight-pence.

Lat. The Defence, and Offence, the by-which, and the whereby, the Statute common and cuſtomary, or as *Plowden* claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it, 'tis

Mos commune vetus Mores, Conſulta Senatus,
Hæc tria Jus ſtatuunt Terra Britanna tibi.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your Laws, are there none to protect a Man in his own Houſe?

Lat. Sir, a Man's Houſe is his *Caſtellum*, his Caſtle; and ſo tender is the Law of any Infringement of that ſacred Right, that any Attempt to invade it, by Force, Fraud, or Violence, clandeſtinly, or *Vi & Armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius.* Now, Sir, a Burglary may be committed, either upon the Dwelling, or the Out-houſe.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Clerk, Sir,——The Parties, he ſays, are all waiting at your Chambers.

Lat.

Lat. I come. I will but juſt explain to Mr. *Crab*, the Nature of a Burglary, as it has been deſcrib'd by a late Statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the leaſt Curioſity.

Lat. Sir, but every Gentleman ſhou'd know——

Crab. I won't know. Beſides, your Clients——

Lat. O they may ſtay. I ſha'n't take up five Minutes, Sir,——A Burglary——

Crab. Not an Inſtant.

Lat. By the Common Law——

Crab. I'll not hear a Word.

Lat. It was but a *Clauſtrum fregit.*

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late Acts of Par——

Crab. Help, you Dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my Houſe.

Ser. Your Clients, Sir——

Crab. Puſh him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, Raſcal, if you ſuffer that Fellow to enter my Doors again, I'll ſtrip and diſcard you the very Minute. [*Exit Serv.*] This is but the Beginning of my Torments. But that I expect the young Whelp from abroad, every Inſtant, I'd fly for it myſelf, and quit the Kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young Maſter's travelling Tutor, Sir, juſt arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I ſuppoſe, the Blockhead of a Baronet is cloſe at his Heels. Show him in. This Bear-Leader, I reckon now, is either the clumſey Curate of the Knight's Pariſh-Church, or ſome needy Highlander, the Outcaſt of his Country, who, with the Pride of a *German* Baron, the Poverty of a *French* Marquis, the Addreſs of a *Swiſs* Soldier, and the Learning of an Academy-Uſher, is to give our Heir-apparent Politeneſs, Taſte, Literature; a perfect Knowledge of the World, and of himſelf.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am your devoted Servant.

Crab. Oh, a *Britiſh* Child, by the Meſs.——Well, where's your Charge?

Mac. O, the young Baronet is o'the Road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between *Canterbury*

rbury and *Rocheſter*, I was ſtopt, and robb'd by a High-way-man.

Crab. Robb'd! What the Devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude Troth not a mighty Booty. *Bucanan*'s Hiſtory, *Lauder* againſt *Melton*, and two Pound of high-dry'd Glaſcow.

Crab. A good travelling Equipage. Well, and what's become of your Cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you, Sir *Charles?* I left him at *Calais*, with another young Nobleman, returning from his Travels. But why caw ye him Cub, Maiſter *Crab?* In gude troth there's a meeghty Alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a ſhrewd Gueſs at his Improvements.

Mac. He's quite a Phœnomenon.

Crab. Oh, a Comet, I dare ſwear, but not an unuſual one, at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of St. *Germains*, ſwarms with ſuch, to the no ſmall Amuſement of our very good Friends, the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the Language, I ſuppoſe he's a perfect Maſter of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is a quite Maiſter of the Accent.

Crab. A moſt aſtoniſhing Progreſs!

Mac. Suſpend your Judgment a while, and you'll find him all ye wiſh, allowing for the Sallies of Juvenility; and muſt take the Honour to myſel, of being in a great Meaſure, the Author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful Copy of the admirable Original, he muſt be a finiſh'd Piece.

Mac. You are pleas'd to compliment.

Crab. Not a Whit. Well, and what——I ſuppoſe you, and your——what's your Name——?

Mac. *Macruthen*, at your Service.

Crab. *Macruthen!* Hum! You and your Pupil agreed very well.

Mac. Perfectly. The young Gentleman is of an amiable Diſpoſition.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to ſowre his Temper: You know your Duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maiſter *Crab.*

Crab. Oh, by no Means, Maſter *Macruthen*; all your Bus'neſs was to keep him out of Frays; to take Care, for the Sake of his Health, that his Wine was genuine, and his Miſtreſſes as they ſhou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I ſuppoſe.

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront——

Crab. To ſuppoſe the contrary wou'd be the Affront, Mr. Tutor. What Man, you know the World. 'Tis not by Contradiction, but by Compliance, that Men make their Fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the Humour of a Lad upon the Threſhold of ten Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Mac. Why, to-be-ſure, great Allowances muſt be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I ſee, Maiſter *Crab*, you know Mankind. You are Sir *John Buck*'s Executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little Thought that may be uſeful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a Hond o' the young Baronet?

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the Will, have the Care o' the Caſh; and I caw make a Shift to manage the Lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And ſo between us both we may contrive to eaſe him of that Inheritance which he knows not how properly to employ; and apply it to our own Uſe. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a ſuperlative Raſcal art thou, thou inhoſpitable Villain! Under the Roof, and in the Preſence of thy Benefactor's Repreſentative, with almoſt his ill-beſtowed Bread in thy Mouth, art thou plotting the Perdition of his only Child! And, from what Part of my Life, didſt thou derive a Hope of my Compliance with ſuch a helliſh Scheme?

Mac

Mac. Maiſter *Crab*, I am of a Nation——

Crab. Of known Honour and Integrity; I allow it. e Kingdom you have quitted, in conſigning the Care its Monarch, for Ages, to your Predeceſſors, in Pre- ence to its proper Subjects, has given you a brillant negyric, that no other People can parallel.

Mac. Why, to-be-ſure——

Crab. And one Happineſs it is, that tho' national ory can beam a Brightneſs on Particulars, the Crimes Individuals can never reflect a Diſgrace upon their untry. Thy Apology but aggravates thy Guilt.

Mac. Why, Maiſter *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and Confuſion choak thy Utterance. oid my Sight. Vaniſh. [*Exit* Mac.] A fine Fellow , to protect the Perſon, inform the Inexperience, ect and moderate the Deſires of an unbridled Boy! can it be ſtrange, whilſt the Parent negligently epts a ſuperficial Recommendation to ſo important a uſt, that the Perſon, whoſe Wants, perhaps, more n his Abilities, make deſirous of it, ſhou'd conſider e Youth as a Kind of Property, and not ſtudy what make him, but what to make of him; and thus udently lay a Foundation for his future, ſordid Hopes, a criminal Compliance with the Lad's preſent, pre- iling Paſſions? But Vice and Folly rule the World.— ithout, there. [*Enter* Serv.] Raſcal, where d'you run, ockhead? Bid the Girl come hither.——Freſh In- nces, every Moment, fortify my Abhorrence, my eteſtation of Mankind. This Turn may be term'd iſanthropy; and imputed to Chagrin and Diſappoint- ent. But it can only be by thoſe Fools, who thro' ſtneſs, or Ignorance, regard the Faults of others, e their own, thro' the wrong End of the Perſpective.

Enter Lucinda.

, what, I ſuppoſe your Spirits are all a-float. You ve heard your Fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your uſual Diſcernment, Sir, you ou'd diſtinguiſh, in my Countenance, an Expreſſion ry different from that of Joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I ſuppoſe your Monkey has broke Chain, or your Parrot dy'd in Moulting.

Luc. A Perſon leſs cenſorious than Mr. *Crab*, might aſſign a more generous Motive for my Diſtreſs.

Crab. Diſtreſs! A pretty, poetical Phraſe! What Motive canſt thou have for Diſtreſs? Has not Sir *John Buck*'s Death aſſur'd thy Fortune? and art not thou—

Luc. By that very Means, a helpleſs, unprotected Orphan.

Crab. Pho', pr'ythee Wench, none of thy romantic Cant to me. What, I know the Sex: The Objects of every Woman's Wiſh, are Property and Power. The firſt you have, and the ſecond you won't be long without; for here's a Puppy riding Poſt to put on your Chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear Affectation not to underſtand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that Subject I wiſh'd to engage you.

Crab. Your Information was needleſs; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why ſo ſevere? I did flatter myſelf that the very warm Recommendation of your deceaſed Friend wou'd have abated a little of that Rigour.

Crab. No Wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and Contempt have long ſhut theſe Gates againſt Flattery and Diſſimulation. You have no Sex for me. Without Preface ſpeak your Purpoſe.

Luc. What then, in a Word, is your Advice, with Regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck*?

Crab. And do you ſeriouſly want my Advice?

Luc. Moſt ſincerely.

Crab. Then you are a Blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourſelf? Is not he a Fool, a Fortune, and in Love?—Look'ee, Girl. [*Enter* Servant.] Who ſent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young Maſter's Poſt-chaiſe is broke down, at the Corner of the Street, by a Coal-cart. His Cloaths are all Dirt, and he ſwears like a Trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his Chaiſe to the Coach-maker's, his Coat to a Scowerer's, and him before a Juſtice.——Pr'ythee why doſt trouble me? I ſuppoſe you wou'd not meet your Gallant.

Luc. Do you think I ſhou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this Application for my Advice, is not a Copy of your Countenance, a Maſk, if you are obedient, I may ſet you right.

Luc.

Luc. I ſhall, with Pleaſure, follow your Directions. [*Exit.*

Crab. Yes, ſo long as they correſpond with your own Inclination. Now we ſhall ſee what *Paris* has done for this Puppy. But here he comes; light as the Cork in his Heels, or the Feather in his Hat.

Enter Buck, *Lord* John, La Loire, Bearnois *and* Macruthen.

Buck. Not a Word, *mi Lor*, *jernie*, it is not to be ſupported!——————after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by their *execrable Pavé*, to be tumbled into a Kennel, by a filthy *Charbonier*; a dirty Retailer of Sea-coal, *morbleu!*

Ld. *J.* An Accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous Hootings of that deteſtable *Canaille*, that murtherous Mob, with the barbarous-Monſieur in the Mud, huzza! Ah, *Païs ſauvage*, *barbare*, *inhoſpitable!* ah, ah, *que-ce-que nous avons?* Who.

Mac. That is Maiſter *Crab*, your Father's Executor.

Buck. Ha, ha, *Serviteur très humble*, *Monſieur*. *Eh bien!* What is he dumb? *Mac.* my Lor, *mort de ma Vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roaſt-beef* of the *French* Comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monſieur Jack-Roaſt-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a Turn or two about the Room.

Buck. A turn or two! *Volontieres*. *Eh bien!* Well, have you, in your Life, ſeen any Thing ſo, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many Spectators of your Tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi*. Why ſo?

Crab. Becauſe I wou'd not have the public Curioſity foreſtalled. I can't but think, in a Country ſo fond of ſtrange Sights, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of Money.

Buck. I don't know, my Dear, what my Perſon wou'd produce, in this Country, but the Counterpart of your very groteſque Figure, has been extreamly beneficial to the Comedians from whence I came. *N'eſt ce pas vrai*, *mi Lor*, ha, ha.

Ld. *J.* The Reſemblance does not ſtrike me. Perhaps, I may ſeem ſingular; but the particular Cuſtoms of particular Countries, I own, never appeared to me as proper Objects of Ridicule.

Buck. Why ſo?

Ld. *J.* Becauſe in this Caſe, it is impoſſible to have a Rule for your Judgment. The Forms and Cuſtoms which Climate, Conſtitution, and Government, have given to one Kingdom, can never be tranſplanted with Advantage, to another, founded on different Principles. And thus, tho' the Habits and Manners of different Countries may be directly oppoſite, yet, in my humble Conception, they may be ſtrictly, becauſe naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are ſome Glimmerings of Common-ſenſe about this young Thing. Harkee, Child, by what Accident did you ſtumble upon this Blockhead? [*to* Buck.] I ſuppoſe the Line of your Underſtanding is too ſhort to fathom the Depth of your Companion's Reaſoning.

Buck. My Dear [*gapes.*]

Crab. I ſay you can draw no Concluſion from the above Premiſes.

Buck. Who, I? Damn your Premiſes, and Concluſions too. But this I conclude, from what I have ſeen, my dear, that the *French* are the firſt People in the Univerſe; that in the Arts of Living, they do, or ought to give Laws to the whole World, and that whoſoever wou'd either eat, drink, dreſs, dance, fight, ſing, or even ſneeze, *avec Elegance*, muſt go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my Creed.

Crab. And theſe precious Principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. C'eſt vrai, Monſieur Crab: And with the Aid of theſe Brother Miſſionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many Proſelytes. And now for a Detail of their Qualities. *Bearnois avancez.* This is an Officer of my Houſhold, unknown to this Country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the Puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiſs Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a fierce Figure, to guard the Gate of an Hôtel.

Crab.

Crab. What do you ſuppoſe that we have no Porters?

Buck. Yes, you have Dunces that open Doors; a Drudgery that this Fellow does by Deputy. But for Intrepidity, in denying a diſagreeable Viſiter; for Politeneſs in introducing a Miſtreſs, Acuteneſs in diſcerning, and Conſtancy in excluding, a Dun, a greater Genius never came from the *Cantons*.

Crab. Aſtoniſhing Qualities!

Buck. Retirez, Bearnois. But here's a *Bijou*, here's a Jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire. Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici.*

La L. Très bien.

Buck. Very well. Civil Creature. This, *Monſieur Crab*, is my Cook *La Loire*, and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragoûts, Entremets*, and the Diſpoſition of a Deſart, *Paris* never ſaw his Parallel.

Crab. His Wages, I ſuppoſe, are proportioned to his Merit.

Buck. A Bagatelle, a Trifle. Abroad but a bare two Hundred. Upon his cheerful Compliance, in coming hither into Exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his Stipend.

Crab. You could do no leſs.

Buck. And now, Sir, to compleat my Equipage, *regardez Monſieur La Jonquil*, my firſt *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every Thing; but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the Head, inimitable. In one Word, *La Jonquil* ſhall, for fifty to five, knot, twiſt, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb, with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the *Orkneys*.

Crab. Why, what an infinite Fund of public Spirit muſt you have, to drain your Purſe, mortify your Inclination, and expoſe your Perſon, for the meer Improvement of your Country-Men.

Buck. Oh, I am a very *Roman* for that. But at preſent, I had another Reaſon for returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a Likelyhood of ſome little Fracas, between us. But upon my Soul, we muſt be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable Creatures, for a Trifle.

Crab. They have your Affections then.

Buck. De tout mon cœur. From the infinite Civility ſhewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly Profeſſions in Favour of our Country, they can never intend us an Injury.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their Humour to a Hair. But I can have no longer Patience with the Puppy. Civility and Friendſhip, you Booby! Yes, their Civility, at *Paris*, has not left a Guinea in your Pocket, nor wou'd their Friendſhip to your Nation leave it a Foot of Land in the Univerſe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a ſtrange old Fellow. Take my Word for it, my Dear, you miſtake this Thing egregiouſly. But all you *Engliſh* are conſtitutionally ſullen. ——November-Fogs, with Salt boil'd Beef, are moſt curſed Recipes for good Humour, or a quick Apprehenſion. *Paris* is the Place. 'Tis three Men laugh, love and live? *Vive l'Amour! Sans Amour, & ſans ſes Deſirs, un Cœur eſt bien moins heureux qu'il ne penſe.*

Crab. Now wou'd not any Soul ſuppoſe that this yelping Hound had a real Reliſh for the Country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural Suppoſition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and Affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a Kind of Purgatory, ha, my Dear?

Crab. To thee the moſt ſolitary Spot upon Earth, my Dear.——Familiar Puppy.

Buck. Whimſical enough. But come, *pour paſſer le Tems*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little Debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the Diſpute between that Source of Delights, *de Paradis de Plaiſir*, and this Cave of Care, this Seat of Scurvy and the Spleen.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maiſter *Crab* has met with his Match.

Buck. And firſt for the great Pleaſure of Life, the Pleaſure of the Table: Ah, *quelle Difference!* The Eaſe, the Wit, the Wine, the *Badinage*, the *Perciflage*, the *double Entendre*, the *Chanſons à boire*: Oh, what delicious Moments have I paſs'd *chez Madame la Ducheſſe de Barbouliac?*

Crab.

Crab. Your Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe.

Buck. Who I! *Fy donc!* How is it poſſible for a Woman of her Rank, to have a Penchant for me? Hey *Mac!*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a Man of Honour to blab. But, to ſay Truth, the whole City of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious Fellow this!

Buck. Taiſez vous, Mac. But we loſe the Point in view. Now, *Monſieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an Entertainment. And firſt, the melancholy Miſtreſs is fix'd in her Chair, where, by the by, ſhe is condemn'd to do more Drudgery than a Dray-horſe. Next proceeds the Maſter, to marſhal the Gueſts, in which as much Caution is neceſſary, as at a Coronation, with, my Lady, ſit here, and, Sir *Thomas*, ſit there, till the Length of the Ceremony, with the Length of the Grace, have deſtroy'd all Apprehenſions of the Meat's burning your Mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' ſay Sir *Charles* was a Phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, Puppy.

Buck. Then, in ſolemn Silence, they proceed to demoliſh the Subſtantials, with, perhaps, an occaſional Interruption, of, Here's to you, about Friends, Hob and Nob, your Love and mine. Pork ſucceeds to Beef, Pies to Puddings: The Cloath is remov'd, Madam, drench'd with a Bumper, drops a Courtſey, and departs; leaving the jovial Hoſt, with his ſprightly Companions, to Tobacco, Port, and Politics. *Voilà un Repas à la Mode d' Angleterre, Monſieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thouſand Pities that your Father is not a living Witneſs, of theſe prodigious Improvements.

Buck. C'eſt vrai. But *à propos*, he is dead, as you ſay, and you are———

Crab. Againſt my Inclination his Executor.

Buck. Peut être; well, and———

Crab. Oh, my Truſt will ſoon determine. One Article, indeed, I am ſtrictly enjoin'd to ſee perform'd; your Marriage with your old Acquaintance *Lucinda.*

Buck. Ha, ha, la petite Lucinda! *& comment*———

Crab.

Crab. Pry'thee, Peace, and hear me. She is bequeathed conditionally, that if you refuſe to marry her, twenty thouſand Pounds; and if ſhe rejects you, which I ſuppoſe ſhe will have the Wiſdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But cou'd not we have an *Entrevüe?*

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yourſelf in a more ſuitable Garb, upon a firſt Viſit to your Miſtreſs?

Crab. Oh, ſuch a Figure and Addreſs can derive no Advantage from Dreſs.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac*'s Hint may not be ſo *mal à propos*, *Allons*, *Jonquil*, *je m'en vai m'habiller*. Mi Lor, ſhall I treſpaſs upon your Patience? My Toilette is but a Work of ten Minutes. *Mac*, diſpoſe of my Domeſtics *à leur aiſe*, and then attend me with my Port-feuille, and read, while I dreſs, thoſe Remarks I made in my laſt Voyage from *Fontainbleau* to *Compiegne*. *Serviteur*, *Meſſieurs*.

Car le bon Vin
Du Matin,
Sortant du Tonneau,
Vaut bien mieux que
Le Latin
De toute la Sorbonne. [*Exit.*

Crab. This is the moſt conſummate Coxcomb! I told the Fool of a Father, what a Puppy *Paris* would produce him; but travel is the Word, and the Conſequence, an Importation of every foreign Folly: And thus the plain Perſons and Principles of old *England*, are ſo confounded and jumbl'd with the Excrementious Growth of every Climate, that we have loſt all our antient Characteriſtic, and are become a Bundle of Contradictions; a Piece of Patch-work; a mere Harlequin's Coat.

Ld. *J.* Do you ſuppoſe then, Sir, that no Good may be obtain'd———

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

Ld. *J.* I ſhould be ſorry my Acquiſitions were to determine the Debate. But, do you think, Sir, the Shaking

ng off ſome native Qualities, and the being made more enſible, from Compariſon of certain, national and conſtitutional Advantages, Objects unworthy the Attention?

Crab. You ſhew the favourable Side, young Man: But how frequently are ſubſtituted for national Prepoſſeſſions, always harmleſs, and often happy, guilty and unnatural Prejudices?——Unnatural!——For the Wretch who is weak and wicked enough to deſpiſe his Country, ſins againſt the moſt laudable Law of Nature; he is a Traitor to the Community, where Providence has placed him; and ſhou'd be deny'd thoſe ſocial Benefits he has render'd himſelf unworthy to partake. But ſententious Lectures are ill calculated for your Time of Life.

Ld. *J.* I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab.* Principles that call for perpetual Practice, cannot be too ſoon receiv'd. I ſincerely thank you, Sir, for this Communication, and ſhou'd be happy to have always near me ſo moral a Monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her Flattery. But I leave you with a Lady, where it will be better employ'd.

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young Man waits here, till your Puppy is powder'd. You may aſk him after your *French* Acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not ſeem to be altogether ſo great a Fool as your Fellow. [*Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a diſagreeable *Tête à Tête.*

Ld. *J.* Juſt the contrary, Madam. By Good-ſenſe, ting'd with Singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a Lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab*'s Manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a Jot; I am familiarized to 'm. I know his Integrity, and can never be diſoblig'd by his Sincerity.

Ld. *J.* This Declaration is a little particular, from a Lady who muſt have received her firſt Impreſſions in a Place remarkable for its Delicacy to the Fair-Sex. But Good-ſenſe can conquer even early Habits.

Luc.

Luc. This Compliment I can lay no claim to. Th former Part of my Life, procured me but very little I dulgence. The Pittance of Knowledge I poſſeſs, w taught me by a very ſevere Miſtreſs, Adverſity. B you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buc* not to have known my Situation.

Ld. *J.* I have heard your Story, Madam, before had the Honour of ſeeing you. It was affecting: You pardon the Declaration; it now becomes intereſting However, it is impoſſible I ſhou'd not congratulate yo on the near Approach of the happy Cataſtrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the Will of another a thouſand unforeſeen Accidents may interrupt.

Ld. *J.* Cou'd I hope, Madam, your preſent, criti cal Condition wou'd acquit me of Temerity, I ſhou' take the Liberty to preſume, if the Suit of Sir *Charle* be rejected.

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngſter! what, I ſuppoſe, you are a ready practiſing one of your foreign Leſſons. Per verting the Affections of a Friend's Miſtreſs, or de bauching his Wife, are meer Peccadilloes, in Moralit But, at preſent, you are my Care. That Way co ducts you to your Fellow-Traveller. [*Exit* Ld. J.] wou'd ſpeak with you in the Library. [*Exi*

Luc. I ſhall attend you, Sir. Never was ſo unhap an Interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern m Gratitude and Duty demand my Compliance with th dying Wiſh of my Benefactor, my Friend, my Fat But am I then to ſacrifice all my future Peace? reaſon not, raſh Girl; Obedience is thy Province.

Tho' hard the Taſk be, it's my Part to prove,
That ſometimes Duty can give Laws to Love.

ACT II.

Buck at his Toilet, attended by three *Valets de Chambr* and *Macruthen.*

Mac. NOtwithſtanding aw his plain Dealing, doubt whether Maiſter *Crab* is ſo hone a Man.

Bu

Buck. Pr'ythee, *Mac*, name not the Monſter. If may be permitted a Quotation from one of their paltry ets,

Who is Knight of the Shire repreſents 'em all.

d ever Mortal ſee ſuch *Mirroirs*, ſuch Looking-glaſs they have here too? One might as well addreſs one-lf, for Information, to a Bucket of Water. *La Jon-il, mettez vous le rouge, aſſez. He bien, Mac, miſera-!* Hey!

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Ay, it will do for this Place; I really cou'd ve forgiven my Father's living a Year or two longer, ther than be compelled to return to this. [*Enter* ord John.] My dear Lord, *je demande mille Pardons*, t the terrible Fracas in my Chaiſe had ſo gateed d diſordered my Hair, that it required an Age to ad-ſt it.

Ld. *J.* No Apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been enter-ined very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to enter-in you?

Ld. *J.* The very individual Lady that's ſoon to make ou a happy Huſband.

Buck. A happy who? Huſband! What two very op-oſite Ideas have you confounded *enſemble?* In my Con-ience I believe there's Contagion in the Clime, and y Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what ccident have you diſcovered, that I was upon the oint of becoming that happy——Oh, *un Mari! Di-ble!*

Ld. *J.* The Lady's Beauty and Merit, your Inclina-ions, and your Father's Injunctions, made me conjecture hat.

Buck. And can't you ſuppoſe that the Lady's Beauty ay be poſſeſs'd, her Merit rewarded, and my Inclina-ions gratify'd without an abſolute Obedience to that atherly Injunction?

Ld. *J.* It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Thoſe Kind of Talents are not given to every Body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you ſhall ſee me manage the Lady.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire *Racket*, and Sir *Toby Tallyhoe*, who call themſelves your Honor's old Acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the Brutes! By what Accident cou'd they diſcover my Arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to eſcape this Embarras.

[Racket *and* Tallyhoe, *without.*]

Hoic a Boy, Hoic a Boy.

Buck. Let me die if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole Hundred of Hounds with them. But they ſay, Forms keep Fools at a Diſtance: I'll receive them *en Cérémonie.*

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Tally. Hey Boy, hoics my little *Buck.*

Buck. Monſieur le Chevalier, votre très humble Serviteur.

Tally. Hey.

Buck. Monſieur Racket, Je ſuis charmé de vous voir.

Rack. Anon, what!

Buck. Ne m'entendez-vous: Don't you know *French?*

Rack. Know *French!* No, nor you neither, I think. Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the Papiſts have bewitched him in foreign Parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and transformed him too. Let me periſh, *Racket*, if I don't think he's like one of the Folks we uſed to read of at School, in *Ovid's Metamorphoſis*; that they have turned him into a Beaſt.

Rack. A Beaſt! No, a Bird, you Fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his Wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and ſo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the Woodcocks.

Buck. Voilà des véritables Anglois. The ruſtic rude Ruffians!

Rack. Let us ſee what the Devil he has put upon his Pole, Sir *Toby.*

Tally. Ay.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your Diſtance.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a Scrutiny.

Rack. Ay, ay, a Scrutiny.

Buck. En Grace, La Jonquil, my Lor, protect me from theſe Pyrates.

Ld. *J.* A little Compaſſion I beg, Gentlemen. Conſider, Sir *Charles* is upon a Viſit to his Bride.

Tall.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a Band-Box; *Racket*, Hocks the Heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he's the very Reverſe of a Bantam Cock: His Comb's on his Feet, and his Feathers on his Head. Who have we got here! What are theſe three Fellows; Paſtry-Cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquir'd Accompliſhments, letting your Miſtreſs languiſh for a—— but you have Company, I ſee.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpreſſibly happy. Theſe Gentlemen are kind enough to treat me upon my Arrival, with what, I believe, they call in this Country, a Rout.——My dear Lor, if you don't favour my Flight. But ſee if the Toads a'n't tumbling my Toilet.

Ld. *J.* Now's your Time, ſteal off; I'll cover your Retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to ſettle my *Cheveux*, ——*Je vous remercie mille, mille Fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, ſtole away!

Buck. O mon Dieu.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our Purpoſe. You muſt know we intended to kick up a Riot, to Night, at the Play-houſe, and we wanted him of the Party; but that Fop wou'd ſwoon at the Sight of a Cudgel.

Ld. *J.* Pray Sir, what is your Cauſe of Contention.

Tally. Cauſe of Contention, hey, Faith, I know nothing of the Matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about! Why you know we are to demoliſh the Dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. *J.* I beg to be excuſed.

Rack. May-hap you are a Friend to the *French.*

Ld. *J.* Not I, indeed, Sir. But if the Occaſion will permit me a Pun, tho' I am far from being a Well-wiſher to their Arms, I have no Objection to the being entertained by their Legs.

Tally. Ay! Why then if you'll come to Night, you'll ſplit your Sides with Laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faſter than ever they have done ſince the Battle of *Blenheim.* Come along, *Racket.* [*Exit.*

Ld. *J.* Was there ever ſuch a Contraſt?

Crab. Not ſo remote as you imagine; they are Scions from the ſame Stock, ſet in different Soils. The firſt Shrub you ſee, flowers moſt prodigally, but matures nothing; the laſt Slip, tho' ſtinted, bears a little Fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but ſtill the Growth of the Clime. Come, you'll follow your Friend. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucinda, *with a* Servant.

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me, you will conduct them hither. *Exit* Serv. How I long for an End to this important Interview! Not that I have any great Expectations from the Iſſue, but ſtill in my Circumſtances, a State of Suſpence, is of all Situations, the moſt diſagreeable. But huſh, they come.

Enter Sir *Charles*, *Macruthen*, Ld. *John*, and *Crab.*

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the Honour of kiſſing your Hand.

Buck. Tres humble Serviteur. Et comment ſe porte Mademoiſelle. I am raviſh'd to ſee thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde.* ——*Eh bien, ma Reine!* Why, you look divinely, Child. But, *mon Enfant*, they have dreſs'd you moſt diabolically. Why, what a *Coiffeuſe* muſt you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total Abſence of *Rouge.* But, perhaps, you are out: I had a Cargo from *Deffreny* the Day of my Departure; ſhall I have the Honour to ſupply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confeſs myſelf a Convert to the chaſte Cuſtoms of this Country, and with a commercial People, you know, Sir *Charles*, all Artifice—

Buck. Artifice! You miſtake the Point, *ma Chere.* A proper Proportion of Red, is an indiſpenſible Part of your Dreſs; and, in my private Opinion, a Woman might as well appear, in Public, without Powder, or a Pettycoat.

Crab. And, in my private Opinion, a Woman who puts on the firſt, wou'd make very little Difficulty in pulling off the laſt.

Buck. Oh, Monſieur *Crab*'s Judgment muſt be deciſive in Dreſs. Well, and what Amuſements, what Spectacles, what Parties, what Contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that Foe to the Fair. I fancy one muſt *ennuier conſiderablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no Diſtreſs for Diverſions. We have an Opera.

Buck. Italien, I ſuppoſe, *pitoiable*, ſhocking, *aſſommant!* Oh, there is no ſupporting their *hi, hi, hi, hi. Ah mon Dieu! Ah Chaſſé brillant Soleil,* *Brillant*

Brillant Soleil,
A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil?

There's Muſic and Melody.

Luc. What a Fop!

Buck. But proceed, *ma Princeſſe.*

Luc. Oh, then we have Pays.

Buck. That I deny, Child.

Luc. No Plays!

Buck. No.

Luc. The Aſſertion is a little whimſical.

Buck. Ay, that may be; you have here dramatic Things, farcical in their Compoſition, and ridiculous in their Repreſentation.

Luc. Sir, I own myſelf unequal to the Controverſy; but, ſurely, *Shakeſpear*—My Lord, this Subject calls upon you for its Defence.

Crab. I know from what Fountain this Fool has drawn his Remarks; the Author of the *Chineſe Orphan*, in the Preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal Works of *Shakeſpear* monſtrous Farces.

Ld. *J.* Mr. *Crab* is right, Madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has ſtigmatized with a very unjuſt, and a very invidious Appellation, the principal Works of that great Maſter of the Paſſions; and his apparent Motive renders him the more inexcuſable.

Luc. What cou'd it be, my Lord?

Ld. *J.* The preventing his Countrymen from becoming acquainted with our Author; that he might be at Liberty to pilfer from him with the greater Security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable Defamation.

Luc. And as to the Exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural Pathetic, and a ſpirited Expreſſion, no People upon Earth———

Buck. You are impos'd upon, Child; the *Lequeſne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gauſſen*, what Dignity, what Action! But, *à propos*, I have myſelf wrote a Tragedy in *French.*

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. En Verité, upon *Voltaire*'s Plan.

Crab. That muſt be a precious Piece of Work.

Buck. It is now in Repetition at the *French* Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gauſſen* perform the principal Parts. Oh, what an *Eclat!* What a Burſt will it make in the

Parterre, when the King of *Ananamaboe* refuſes the Perſon of the Princeſs of *Cochineal!*

Luc. Do you remember the Paſſage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their Manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And firſt the King.

Ma chere Princeſſe, je vous aime, c'eſt vrai;
De ma Femme vous portez les charmants Attraits.
Mais ce n'eſt pas honnête pour un Homme, tel que moi,
De tromper ma Femme, ou de rompre ma Foi.

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the Princeſs; ſhe is, as you may ſuppoſe, in extreme Diſtreſs.

Luc. No Doubt.

Buck. Mon grand Roy, mon Cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi; je ſuis inconſolable.
[*Then he turns his Back upon her, at which ſhe in a Fury,*]
Monſtre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeſte,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteſte!
[*Then he,*]
Penſez vous, Madame, à me donner la Loi?
Vôtre Haine, vôtre Amour, ſont les mêmes Choſes à moi.

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. *J.* Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Ay, there's Paſſion and Poetry, and Reaſon and Rhime. Oh how I deteſt Blood and blank Verſe. There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural in the rich Rhimes of the *Theatre François!*

Ld. *J.* I did not know Sir *Charles* was ſo totally devoted to the *Belles Lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the Ton, the Taſte, I am every Night at the *Caffé Procope*, and had not I had the Misfortune to be born in this curſt Country, I make no Doubt but you would have ſeen my Name among the foremoſt of the *French* Academy.

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that Difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publickly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your Countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No—Impoſſible. From the Barbarity of my Education I muſt ever be taken for *un Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. En Verité?

Crab. En Verité.

Buck. You flatter me.

Crab. But common Juſtice.

Mac. Nay, Maiſter *Crab* is in the Right, for I have often heard the *French* themſelves ſay, Is it poſſible that Gentleman can be *Britiſh?*

Buck. Obliging Creatures. And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me.

Crab. Egregious Puppy! But we loſe Time. A Truce to this Trumpery. You have read your Father's Will.

Buck. No; I read no *Engliſh.* When *Mac.* has turn'd it into *French*, I may run over the *Items.*

Crab. I have told you the Part that concerns the Girl. And as your Declaration upon it will diſcharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *Eclairciſſement.* Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monſieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac.*

Crab. Along with us. [*Exit.*

Buck. A comfortable Scrape I am in. What the Deuce am I to do, in the Language of the Place; I am to make Love, I ſuppoſe. A pretty Employment.

Luc. I fancy my Hero is a little puzzled with his Part, but now for it.

Buck. A queer Creature, that *Crab*, *ma Petite.* But *à propos*, How d'you like my Lord?

Luc. He ſeems to have good Senſe and good Breeding.

Buck. Pas trop. But don't you think he has ſomething of a foreign Kind of Air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Ay, ſomething ſo *Engliſh* in his Manner.

Luc. Foreign, and *Engliſh!* I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the Eaſe, the *Je ne-ſçai quoi*, the *bon Ton*—In a Word he does not reſemble me now.

Luc. Not in the leaſt.

Buck. Ah, I thought ſo. He is to be pity'd, poor Devil, he can't help it. But *entre nous*, *ma Chere*, the Fellow has a Fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir *Charles?*

Buck. Why, *je penſe*, *ma Reine*, that your Eyes have done Execution there.

Luc. My Eyes Execution!

Buck. Ay, Child, is there any thing ſo extraordinary in that. *Ma foi*, I thought by the Vivacity of his Praiſe, that he had already ſummon'd the Garriſon to ſurrender.

Luc. To carry on the Alluſion, I believe my Lord is too good a Commander, to commence a fruitleſs Siege. He cou'd not but know the Condition of the Town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma Chere.*

Luc. I was in Hopes your Interview with Mr. *Crab*, had made that unneceſſary.

Buck. Oh, ay, I do recollect ſomething of a ridiculous Article about Marriage, in a Will. But what a Plot againſt the Peace of two poor People! Well, the Malice of ſome Men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the Miſchief they can in their Life, they are for intailing their Malevolence like their Eſtates, to lateſt Poſterity.

Luc. Your Contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a Compliment. But the infinite Obligations I owe to the Man, who had the Misfortune to call you Son, compel me to inſiſt, that in my Preſence, at leaſt, no Indignity be offered to his Memory.

Buck. Hey day! What, in Heroics, *ma Reine!*

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial Wretch, ſo ſoon to trample on his Aſhes, to whoſe fond Heart, the greateſt Load of his laſt Hour were his Fears for thy future Welfare.

Buck. Ma foi, elle eſt Folle, ſhe is mad, *ſans doute.*

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks thro' one ſacred Relation, regard another? Can the Monſter who is corrupt enough to contemn the Place of his Birth, reverence thoſe who gave him Being?——Impoſſible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty Monologue, a fine Soliloquy this, Child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we ſhall underſtand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do underſtand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuſe me. Nothing is wanting but a formal Rejection under your Hand, and ſo concludes our Acquaintance.

Buck. Vous allez trop vite, you are too quick, *ma chere.* If I recollect, the Conſequence of this Rejection is my paying you twenty thouſand Pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the leaſt Inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that Marriage.

Buck. Is my Averſion. I'll give you that under my Hand if you pleaſe; but I have a prodigious Love for the *Louis.*

Luc. Oh, we'll ſoon ſettle that Diſpute; the Law.

Buck.

Buck. But, hold, *ma Reine.* I don't find that my provident Father has preciſely determined the Time of this comfortable Conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the Day of Execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir.

Buck. I ſay, my Soul, there goes no more to your dying a Maid, than my living a Batchelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I ſhall find a Remedy.

Buck. But now ſuppoſe, *ma Belle,* I have found one to your Hand?

Luc. As how, Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And firſt, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irreſiſtable Antipathy to the Conjugal Knot, yet I am, by no Means blind to your perſonal Charms; in the Poſſeſſion of which, if you pleaſe to place me, not only the aforeſaid twenty Thouſand Pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted, ſhall fall at your—

Luc. Grant me Patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it my Dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is——

Buck. I grant not quite ſo faſhionable as my other. It is then, in a Word, that you would let this lubberly Lord make you a Lady, and appoint me his Aſſiſtant, his private Friend, his *Ciſiſbei.* And as we are to be joint Partakers of your Perſon, let us be equal Sharers in your Fortune, *ma Belle.*

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary Thing. Thy Miſtreſs! Gracious Heaven! Univerſal Empire ſhou'd not bribe me to be thy Bride. And what Apology, what Excuſe cou'd a Woman of the leaſt Senſe or Spirit make, for ſo unnatural a Connection.

Buck. Fort-bien!

Luc. Where are thy Attractions? Canſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery Dreſs, thy Affectation, thy Grimace, cou'd influence beyond the Borders of a Brothel?

Buck. Très bien!

Luc. And what are thy Improvements? Thy Air is a Copy from thy Barber: For thy Dreſs, thou art indebted to thy Dancing-Maſter. Thou haſt loſt thy native Language, and brought home none in Exchange for it.

Buck. Extrêmement bien!

Luc. Had not thy Vanity ſo ſoon expoſed thy Villany, I might, in Reverence to that Name, to which thou art a Diſgrace, have taken a wretched Chance with thee for

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific Partner I ſhou'd have had. Why, look'ee, Child, you have been, to be ſure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unentertaining: Tho', by the by, you have forgot, in your Catalogue, one of my foreign Acquiſitions, *c'eſt-à-dire*, that I can, with a moſt intrepid *Sang froid*; without a ſingle Emotion, ſupport all this Storm of female Fury. But, *adieu*, *ma Belle*, and when a cool Hour of Reflection has made you ſenſible of the Propriety of my Propoſals, I ſhall expect the Honour of a Card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. Pour jamais! Foregad ſhe wou'd make an admirable *Actrice*. If I once get her to *Paris*, ſhe ſhall play a Part in my Piece. [*Exit.*

Luc. I am aſham'd, this Thing has had the Power to move me thus. Who waits there? Deſire Mr. *Crab*—

Enter Lord John *and* Crab.

Ld. *J.* We have been unwillingly, Madam, ſilent Witneſſes to this ſhameful Scene. I bluſh that a Creature, who wears the outward Mark of Humanity, ſhou'd be in his Morals ſo much below.

Crab. Pry'thee why didſt thou not call thy Maids, and toſs the Booby in a Blanket?

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended ſaying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab.*

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of Affectation. I believe I gueſs at your generous Deſign; but my Temper is really ſo ruffled, beſides I am meditating a Piece of female Revenge on this Coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear Madam, can I aſſiſt?

Luc. Only by deſiring my Maid to bring hither the Tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the Liberty, but—

Ld. *J.* No Apology. You honour me, Madam. [*Exit.*

Crab. And pry'thee Wench, what is thy Scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmleſs one, I promiſe you.

Crab. Zounds, I am ſorry for it. I long to ſee the Puppy ſeverely puniſh'd, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be got out of the Houſe. Will you deſire him to ſtep hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wiſh to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll ſend him. [*Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place theſe Things on the Table, a Chair on each

each Side: Very well. Do you keep within Call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.* *Exit* Lettice.

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, ſo, I thought ſhe wou'd come to; but, I confeſs, not altogether ſo ſoon. *Eh bien, ma Belle,* ſee me ready to receive your Commands.

Luc. Pray be ſeated, Sir *Charles.* I am afraid the natural Warmth of my Temper might have hurry'd me into ſome Expreſſions, not altogether ſo ſuitable.

Buck. Ah, *Bagatelle.* Name it not.

Luc. Voulex-vous du Thé, Monſieur?

Buck. Volontiers. This Tea is a pretty, innocent Kind of *Beverage*; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have ſome Thoughts of giving it a Faſhion next Winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme Service to the Ladies this Side the Water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes Parties, and infuſes a Kind of Spirit into Converſation, that———

Luc. En Voulez-vous Encore?

Buck. Je vous rends mille Graces,---- But what has occaſion'd me, *ma Reine,* the Honour of your Meſſage by Mr. *Crab?*

Luc. The Favours I have received from your Family, Sir *Charles,* I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your Houſe a more decent, and ceremonious *Adieu,* than our laſt Interview wou'd admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma Chere?* I thought your flinty Heart had, at laſt, relented. Well, *ma Reine, Adieu.*

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The Fates will have it ſo.

Luc. Go then; perfidious Traytor, be gone; I have this Conſolation however, that if I cannot legally poſſeſs you, no other Woman ſhall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the Pleaſure of living with you is deny'd me, in our Deaths, at leaſt, we ſhall ſoon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in Death? When, Child?

Luc. Within this Hour.

Buck. Which Way?

Luc. The fatal Draught's already at my Heart. I feel it here; it run's thro' every Pore. Pangs, Pangs, unutterable! The Tea we drank, urg'd by Deſpair and Love———Oh!

Buck. Well.

Luc.

Luc. I poiſon'd

Buck. The Devil.

Luc. And as my generous Heart wou'd have ſhar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Generoſity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold Comfort of a laſt Embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. *Macruthen*, *Jonquil*, Phyſicians, Apothecaries, Oil and Antidotes. Oh, *Je meurs*, *Je meurs*. Ah, la Diableſſe!

Enter Lord John *and* Crab. *Exit.*

Crab. A brave Wench. I cou'd kiſs thee for this Contrivance.

Ld. *J.* He really deſerves it all.

Crab. Deſerves it! Hang him. But the ſenſible Reſentment of this Girl, has almoſt reconciled me to the World again. But ſtay, let us ſee---Can't we make a farther uſe of the Puppy's Puniſhment? I ſuppoſe we may very ſafely depend on your Contempt of him.

Luc. Moſt ſecurely.

Crab. And this young Thing here, has been breathing Paſſions and Proteſtations. But I'll take care, my Girl, ſha'nt go a Beggar to any Man's Bed. We muſt have this twenty Thouſand Pound, *Lucy*.

Ld. *J.* I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be.

Crab. Pſha, don't ſcorch me with thy Flames. Reſerve your Raptures; or if they muſt have Vent, retire into that Room, whilſt I go plague the Puppy.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Phyſician, Surgeon. Buck *in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious Phlebotomy will abate the Inflammation, and if the ſix Bliſters on your Head and Back riſe, why there may be Hopes.

Buck. Cold Comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a Shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Ay, they are aw Symptoms of a ſtrong Poiſon.

Buck. Oh, I am on the Rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the Vitals a fig for aw Antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miſerable Devil? What's he alive ſtill?

Mac. In gude Troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh! *Crab.*

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of Work on't, young Man!

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from *Paris?*

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he?——He's a dead Man, his Eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh!

Tally. Who poiſon'd him, *Racket?*

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* Cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a Poſſibility of thy Reformation, I have yet a Secret to reſtore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not ſo faſt. It muſt be on good Conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my Eſtate, my——ſave but my Life, take all.

Crab. Firſt then renounce thy Right to that Lady whoſe juſt Reſentment has drawn this Puniſhment upon thee; and, in which ſhe is an unhappy Partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my Soul.

Crab. To this Declaration you are Witneſſes. Next your tawdry Trappings, your foreign Foppery, your Waſhes, Paints, Pomades, muſt blaze before your Door.

Buck. What, all?

Crab. All; not a Rag ſhall be reſerv'd. The Execution of this Part of your Sentence, ſhall be aſſign'd to your old Friends here.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzzah, come, *Racket*, let's rumage.

Crab. And, laſtly, I'll have theſe exotic Attendants, theſe Inſtruments of your Luxury, theſe Pandars to your Pride, pack'd in the firſt Cart, and ſent Poſt to the Place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil.*

Crab. Not an Inſtant. The Importation of theſe Puppies makes a Part of the Politics of your old Friends, the *French*; unable to reſiſt you, whilſt you retain your ancient Roughneſs, they have Recourſe to theſe Minions, who wou'd firſt, by unmanly Means, ſap and ſoften all your native Spirit, and then deliver you an eaſy Prey to their Employers.

Buck. Since then it muſt be ſo, *adieu, La Jonquil.*

[*Exeunt.*

Crab.

Crab. And now to the Remedy. Come forth, *Lucin*

Enter Lucinda *and Lord* John.

Buck. Hey, why did ſhe not ſwallow the Poiſon?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you Blockhead.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in Pangs?

Luc. Ay, put on. The Tea was innocent, upon m Honour, Sir *Charles*. But you allow me to be an e cellent *Actrice*.

Enter Racket *and* Tallyhoe.

Buck. Oh, curſe your Talents!

Crab. This Fellow's publick Renunciation, has p your Perſon and Fortune in your own Power: And you were ſincere in your Declaration of being direct by me, beſtow it there. *Luc.* As a Proof of my S cerity, my Lord receive it.

Ld. *J.* With more Tranſport, than Sir *Charles* News of his Safety.

Luc. to *Buck.* You are not, at preſent, in a Condit to take Poſſeſſion of your Poſt.

Buck. What?

Luc. Oh, you recollect, my Lord's private Frien his Aſſiſtant, you know.

Buck. Oh, ho!

Mac. But, Sir *Charles*, as I find the Affair of t Poiſon was but a Joke, had na' ye better withdraw, a tack off your Bliſters?

Crab. No, let 'em ſtick. He wants 'em. And n concludes my Care. But before we cloſe the Scen receive, young Man, this laſt Advice from the old Fri of your Father: As it is your Happineſs to be born *Briton*, let it be your Boaſt; know that the Bleſſings Liberty are your Birth-right, which while you prefer other Nations may envy or fear, but can never conq or contemn you. Believe, that *French* Faſhions are ill-ſuited to the Genius, as their Politics are pernici to the Peace of your native Land.

A Convert to theſe ſacred Truths, you'll find
That Poiſon for your Puniſhment deſign'd,
Will prove a wholeſome Medicine to your Mind.

F I N I S.